to *us* this is cinema...

the **cinema studies student union** zine

zinzzu

issue 1 : march 2024

an introduction

the cinema studies student union (cinssu) was formed in 1989. twas the heyday of the zine yet we didnt publish anything until 10 yrs later. though we love camera stylo, our cinema studies undergrad journal, it's pretty exclusive and fancy… what if students just wanted to fuckin complain about recent movies or ramble about their favorite filmmaker or publish their fanart, and have that printed and distributed to 1-2 dozen people!?! well this ZINE is the project the 2023-24 cinssu team took on to achieve that dream. our mission this year was to help cultivate the toronto community of cinema-lovers. a physical manifestation of people's thoughts makes it more "real" than publishing online, sharing it a few times, then forgetting about it. we printed exec shirts a year ago and we still wonder, "what the hell do we do with these leftovers?" that's the power of physical reality.

this FIRST issue is a trial run. meaning we threw lots of pasta to see what sticks - essays, histories, reflections, quirky reviews, fanfic, artwork. all about cinema. the table of contents lists the general topics if something piques your interest. this issue contains contributions from 21 uoft students. if we decide to continue this zine into a series, we would love to share your work. stay tuned for announcements on our social media @cinssu (instagram and "x"), cinssu.com, and innis tvs while youre waiting for ITH to clear up.

have fun with this,

yasmine alm, ig: @yacmite (msgs welcome)

CREDITS

editor & designer: yasmine alm

publisher: cinssu

thanks to vicky huang for the support, alex docherty for designing page 24, assu for printing

contributors: janna abbas, yasmine alm, annie, anonymous, robyn bacon, caitlin joy boos, alyssa d'souza butts, eva // yves chang, mariia charuta, maida faisa, vicky huang, nathanael kusandal, clare o'brien, nicholas (niko) ramses, tiana severiano, cheragh shah, genevieve sugrue, burak batu tunçel, kate wagner, kelly zhang, zoe zusman

CINSSU

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issue 1 : march 2024

Letterboxd Round-up

accidentally

Review by **kellz**

Kelly Zhang
Art History, 4th

The Florida Project 2017 ★★★★

Watched Apr 04, 2022

i despise this app because now i spend the entire movie stressing about what silly little joke i'll write on here. i am out of jokes.

♥ 3 likes

Annie
Art History and Religion, 3rd

Review by **Annie**

Scooby-Doo 2002 ★★★★★

Rewatched Feb 21, 2023

this sprinted so Glass Onion could crawl

Cheragh Shah
Cinema Studies and Political Science Major, 4th

Cheragh

Idiocracy 2006 ★

Watched Nov 3, 2023

THE movie for reddit neckbeards

♡ 2 likes

f1lmluvr69

Salò, or the 120 Days of Sodom 1975 ★★½

Watched Feb 11, 2023

I cannot believe this is a film that exists. I want to die. I want to vomit. I want to pluck out my eyes. I hate everything. The world is so cruel. I hate the director. I cannot breathe. My stomach hurts so much, and so does my heart. I hate that I watched this. I hate that I can never unsee it. I hate men. I hate that I won't be able to forget this. Ever.

Janna Abbas
English & German, 4th

Review by **Alyssa**

Poor Things 2023 ½

Watched Dec 20, 2023

bruh, this is very anti-woman

♥ 21 likes

Alyssa D'Souza Butts
Cinema Studies and Sociology, 2nd

related

Although I'm a die-hard film lover and avid Letterboxd user, I am so sick and tired of all these 5 paragraph ESSAY reviews of films. Now, I don't think I have the most innovative or interesting Letterboxd reviews, but I thought "Why not share a few as an example and to inspire others to break free of our essay-like responses?"; so here are some of my own reviews that I believe are just enough for Letterboxd. - **Zoe Zusman, Psychology and Cinema, 2nd**

zoe pearl

Goldfinger 1964

★★★★ ♥

Watched Jan 25, 2023

pussygalore is my new persona

zoe pearl

Rope 1948

★★★★

Watched Feb 17, 2023

you cannot tell me philip and brandon aren't in love with each other.....

Saltburn 2023

★★★★½ Watched 01 Dec 2023

This review may contain spoilers.

eat the rich and eat their p*ssies while you're at it!

♥ 3 likes

Clare O'Brien
American Studies, grad

Review by **Niko Ramses**

Scott Pilgrim vs. the World 2010 ★★★★

Watched Aug 14, 2020

Edgar Wright excellently depicts a day-in-the-life for the average gamer, and through his witty humour and eye-catching editing almost manages to convince you that they're cool.

♥ 8 likes

Niko Ramses
Ethics, Society & Law, grad

There is a professor
I do profess to her
Nurtures like a parent does
My love for cinema is and was
Thanks to her the ultimate mother.

My limerick is about my favourite CSI Professor Corinn Columpar. I was lucky enough to have her as my professor for both CIN105 and CIN330 during my Cinema Studies education. She always dedicates much of herself to her students and inspires them to stay curious about cinema. This limerick is a short thank you to her and serves as a reference to Professor Columpar's scholarly interest in how the role of parenting plays in film and media cultures. - **Robyn Bacon / ig: @robyn__bacon,** *Cinema Studies, grad*

Review of "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1970)

imagine taking DMT and then performing some kind of bizarre fertility ritual w vampires. that's kinda what it's like

i'm in love with this film in the way that i'm in love with my own femininity. what i see in it is what i see in my own expression of gender. it feels like it should only be shown to vestal virgins and eunuchs.

too much kissing relatives on the lips. maybe that's cultural idk. i can cope with a lot of uncomfortable things for art but not that.

- Genevieve Sugrue / ig: @_genenenen, *English and Cinema Studies, 3rd*

In reference to "Over The Top", an action movie starring Sylvester Stallone.

if I didn't have a dad this movie would be my dad

- Anonymous

A chat I had with my 5-year-old cousin, a mini horror enthusiast

Tiana: What would you say your favourite movie is?

ADDIE: CORALINE. WYBIE'S GRANDMOTHER ACTUALLY HAS A DOLL THAT LOOKS LIKE HER AT THE BEGINNING. AND SHE'S TRAPPED IN THE MIRROR WITH THE GHOST CHILDREN THAT WERE KILLED.

Tiana: Coraline is a good one for sure.

ADDIE: AND I ALSO LIKE HOTEL TRANSYLVANIA 2.

Tiana: What makes them special to you?

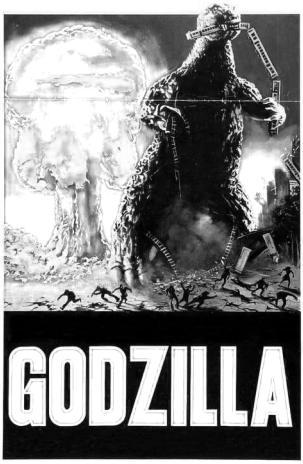
ADDIE: CREEPY MUSIC AND CREEPY CHARACTERS.

She loses focus when she spots my boyfriend in the room, clutching a squishmallow. She morbidly says it looks like the plushy wants to choke him.

Tiana: Do you like any stuff that isn't creepy? Like nice movies?

ADDIE: NO, NOT REALLY. JUST CREEPY STUFF.

- Tiana Severiano / lb: @tianaceleste, *Humanities, 1st*



Review by **Burak Batu Tunçel**

Godzilla 1977 ★★★★

Watched Jun 30, 2022

An anomaly, a sin, a seizure... a real MONSTER.

1977 Italian Godzilla, widely referred to as Cozzilla, is one of the weirdest pieces of cinema you can encounter.

Here's pretty much the backstory to it from what I have assembled from sources on the internet and my conversation with Luigi Cozzi himself at the Profondo Rosso store (which he owns along with Dario Argento):

In the mid and late 70s, monster movies became popular once again. This has been mainly caused by the success of the King Kong remake of the year 1976. Italian schlock legend Luigi Cozzi, at that period, would distribute films to festivals and theaters. He first attempted to re-screen Gorgo but the rights holders asked for too much money. Then, he decided to put the original Godzilla back in theaters. Given the sci-fi buff he is, the beloved monster classic is quite important for him. When you go to the Profondo Rosso store, you will see that Godzilla merch are everywhere. There is a presentation by Cozzi in the blu-ray where he tells an anecdote from his childhood. He saw

the poster of Godzilla amongst the "coming soon" section in the cinema under his house and was fascinated by the idea of watching a film about a monster devouring a whole city. (Don't trust me much on this because the blu-ray did not have English and therefore I watched it with Italian audio and Spanish subtitle, two languages I know very little of)

Anyway, Cozzi bought the American version's print - the infamous Godzilla: King of the Monsters - because the original Japanese cut was unavailable. However, the distributers back in Italy were against the idea of screening a black and white film. So Mr. Cozzi assembled a team to colorize the film.

Nevertheless, this is a period where AI colorizing did not exist. Moreover, there barely ever was an effort to colorize black and white films. Only few like George Melies and crew in the early 20th century colored their own films by painting each individual frame by themselves. I told Luigi that his process of coloring was similar to Melies' and he liked the idea :) Ok so, in the opening credits you see a title which says the film was colorized by "Spectorama 70". Well, the technique is basically putting colored gels on the film print. The result is... err, you have to see it to believe it. The shots often have three colors pressed on it but there still are some black and white spots remaining. It gives the film a truly psychedelic and unique look. Godzilla's destruction scenes in the city look terrific in the epileptic coloring. The creature has never appeared this terrifying on screen before. Cozzilla tears Lux Aeterna apart on the seizure potential it carries. Cozzi also told me that the camera they used during this film was a great exercise for his upcoming cult classic space opera: Starcrash.

However, colorizing was not enough to satisfy the distributers. They did not want to show a film which was 80 minutes. To make the film at least 90 minutes, Cozzi had to come up with something. The American version of Godzilla is a very dumbed down version which almost entirely ignores the atom bomb allegory. Cozzi wanted the film to have an impact and he brought back that layer by using real WWII footage including the bombing of Hiroshima right in the start.

It is up to debate whether this is ethical or not. The film also ends with a title which says: "Humanity is saved?" while footage of icebergs melting is shown. I find this version of Godzilla actually effective on providing the terror and heart wrenching grief. When the footage mixes with the coloring, actually terrifying and depressing scenes are created. The synth music too is very unsettling. The sound effects were recreated to have the maximum impact. The film was to be presented in cinemas with a strerophonic sound system and shaking seats - the precursor of 4DX cinema in a way.

Cozzi did not stop there! He added some footage from other films he had a hold of at the period. There is a scene where the train is about to crash to Godzilla. In the original not much happens. But with Cozzi's newly added shot from another film, the train crashes, gets split in half, then crashes into another wagon and explodes! Yes, it's as terrific as it sounds.

I got the restoration of the film on blu-ray by Cozzi himself (he signed it too). It definitely looks better than the version on Youtube. With the lights off, the film and it's notorious colors provide an otherworldly experience. Seriously, there is nothing like this on the planet. I thought the pastiche sections are reminiscent of Dünyayı Kurtaran Adam (Turkish Star Wars) and asked him whether he has seen it. Apparently, he saw bits of it in a film festival and when I asked him what he thought of it, he said "It's crazy!"

Overall, Cozzilla is one of the most bizarre cinematic experiences one can have. Its historical significance is indisputable because it's actually one of the first retrospective colorizations ever. Not recommended to epileptics.

Burak Batu Tunçel / lb: @bobbyperu42, *Cinema and Sociology, 1st*

Kwame Ture says - "Peace isn't the answer. Liberation is."

I learned this the first time I watched the 1966 film *The Battle of Algiers* for my CIN105 class. I recall walking towards the Innis theatre, waiting impatiently, practically itching to experience it in a big setting, ever since my history teacher in middle school had shown us some clips from it. Tethering on documentary and fiction, its grainy black-and-white depictions of the Algerian casbah felt trapping. Incredibly real in its presentation.

One of my favourite shots was the several frames of the townspeople reciting prayers with their hands up and waiting in anticipation to witness Ali La Pointe and his family's fate; While waiting for a moment they knew was inevitable, their martyrdom was already being taken into account. By the end, their prayers turned into ululations.

The counterinsurgency included everyone - women, men, and children because they knew that freedom was held in everyone's hands. For example, the emotion displayed in the scene where the women reluctantly removed their jewelry and cut their hair was so profound yet simple in its depiction of the role of sacrifice. The children were central in this film, with vigour and raw emotion that was so prevalent that it demanded attention in every scene.

As *'fin'* came written on the screen with the music fading into the background, there was a feeling so dense and heavy that filled the theatre, it felt like the ground would sink at any moment from the pressure. I heard a few sniffs scattered around the room, and as for myself, the lump in my throat grew and my face felt warm. I did not feel sorrowful, but bittersweet joy. I was proud of myself for not feeling pessimistic. I knew that there have always been times like this when the greatest weapon that could be fostered was having hope for continuation. A torch being lit in one part of the world might ignite one somewhere else. All the events accounted for that final moment, where the sheer resilience of the Algerian people showed that there was no stopping until they heard the sounds of their music on the street again. And to this day, I am forever grateful to live in a time where cinema like Pontecorvo's is celebrated and cherished.

Maida Faisal / ig: @ma1a21,
Environmental Studies, 2nd

nathanael kusanda

consuming art is not enough, i want to be consumed

reflections on the self-effacement of art in *Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters*

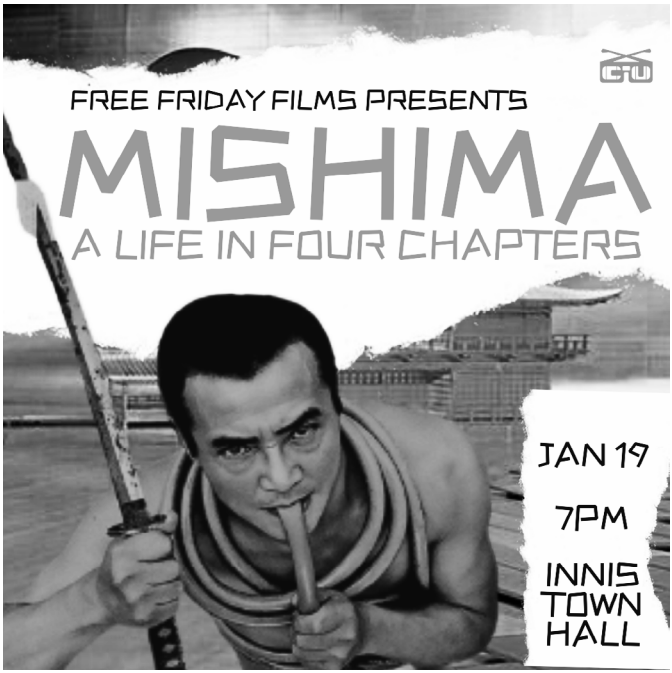
In Yukio Mishima's *Confessions of a Mask,* a child's burgeoning understanding of life is marked by his awakening to its "two contradictory elements… words, which could change the world," and "the world itself, which had nothing to do with words." Mishima's künstlerroman is itself a manifestation of this principle: it is both a vulnerable reflection of a repressed adolescence in a claustrophobic world, as much as it is a creation of a world in itself. It is only in words that the masochistic fantasies of a confused, queer child are granted the same *reality* as his social isolation, that an internal dimension can be transposed onto an external world.

James Baldwin once wrote that the primary distinction of an artist is to cultivate "the state of being alone." In the black-and-white, biographical sequences of Paul Schrader's *Mishima: A Life in Four Chapters,* the film's subject is often depicted in that very state. The author returns to his solitary desk every single night, the act of writing by hand taking the form of a ritual, a daily exorcism. And for somebody with as many demons as Yukio Mishima, who needs writing as much

as he craves its unique pleasure, he grows to be discontented with its being the only world he has the agency to shape, and one he can only inhabit alone.

"I am someone that believes that art works," Schrader once affirmed. He elaborates that creating, or consuming, a work of art that depicts a complex landscape of social dejection and depravity like *Taxi Driver* allows for those feelings to be excised in the cinematic realm, annealing their dangerous manifestation in the real world. Mishima either did not believe in this, or did not view his depraved characters as negative archetypes at all. There was often blood on their hands, but it does not take a cursory glance at religious iconography to posit that to be covered in blood is also to be sanctified.

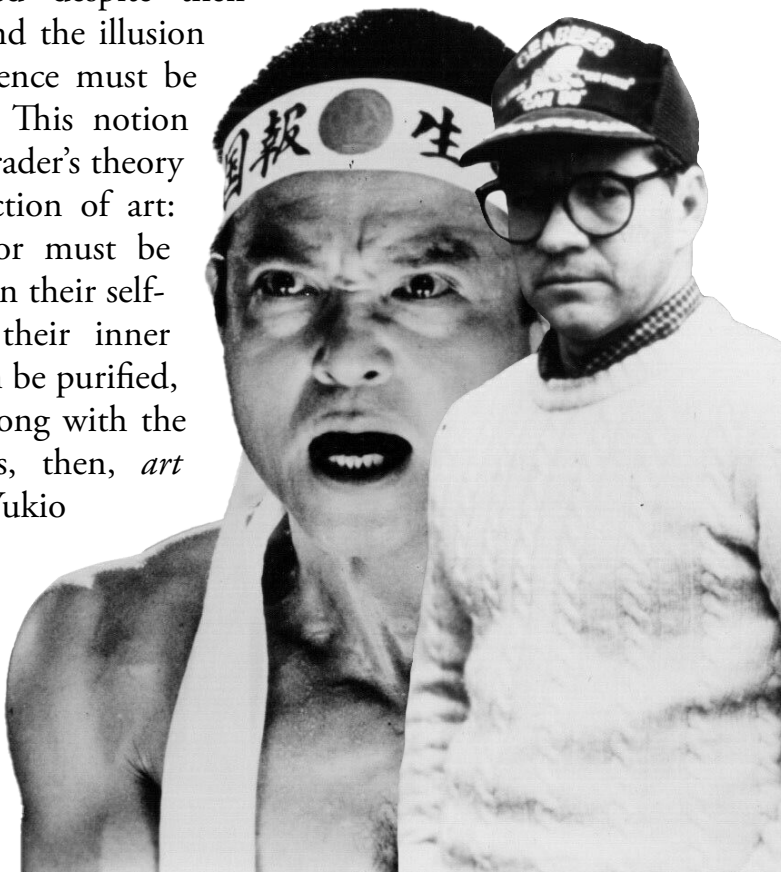
Every fall from grace only reaffirmed the mythos of whom the character was an unwitting avatar; and in orchestrating them



Editor's Note: Mishima FFF promotion by Alex Docherty

in writing, Mishima could experience the glorious death he desired as a repressed, draft-dodging adolescent, several times over. And yet, despite this contention, Schrader attempts to manifest *Mishima* – himself a concept of the making of a lesser known Kimitake Hiraoka – faithfully. Three of his novels are boiled down to fables brought to life deliciously in colorful, cubist sets by Eiko Ishioka; their themes of self-destruction and beauty are endowed with full glory by Philip Glass' incredible score. But the immovable fact of their fiction is underlined, an increasingly emboldening delineation that is inextricably linked to the extent to which Schrader is willing to commit to their profundity.

There is an intrinsic, implicit inevitability to every work of fiction. In the lucid experience of a narrative, the author is obfuscated despite their direction, and the illusion of their absence must be maintained. This notion mirrors Schrader's theory on the function of art: if the author must be self-effaced in their self-expression, their inner darkness can be purified, destroyed along with the *self*. Perhaps, then, *art works.* But Yukio Mishima works harder.



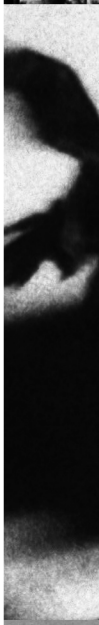
For a child as repressed as Mishima, it's easy to see how the sudden ability to create new worlds, to paint complex character dynamics and contort them naturally over the themes and motifs he constructed, must've been addicting. Maybe it is that very child that fought against the obfuscation of the author, asserting his right to exist within a narrative of his own making. The ovular burgundy of Ishioka's *Kyoko's House,* the borders of which are transcended by the camera to reveal structures suspended in darkness, or the looming, gleaming walls of *Temple of the Golden Pavilion,* take on new meaning as the beautiful prison of fiction. Mishima is the making of *Mishima,* and it is inevitable for him to set the temple of fiction on fire.

In this vein, it is fitting that *Runaway Horses* – the story Mishima would model his life most closely after – is Ishioka's most open set. The slanted temple gates moored on an endless white sand at dusk, against which young nationalists reaffirm their commitment to destiny; floral wallpaper morphing into translucence before being slashed open by Mishima's protagonist – the *walls* are no longer looming borders, there is only a burning sun crashing into the sea at the edge of a cliff.

The act of seppuku is traditionally an act of self-effacement, but for Mishima, it was an act of God-making. Schrader's film is the hagiography, complete with an omission of the torturous labor of Mishima's actual disembowelment. In the chariot of Philip Glass' crescendo, Mishima is granted an ascension so spectacular that I am subsumed in his sanctification.

WHO ELSE COCKING IT?

Yasmine Alm / ig: @yacmite
Cinema Studies & Sociology

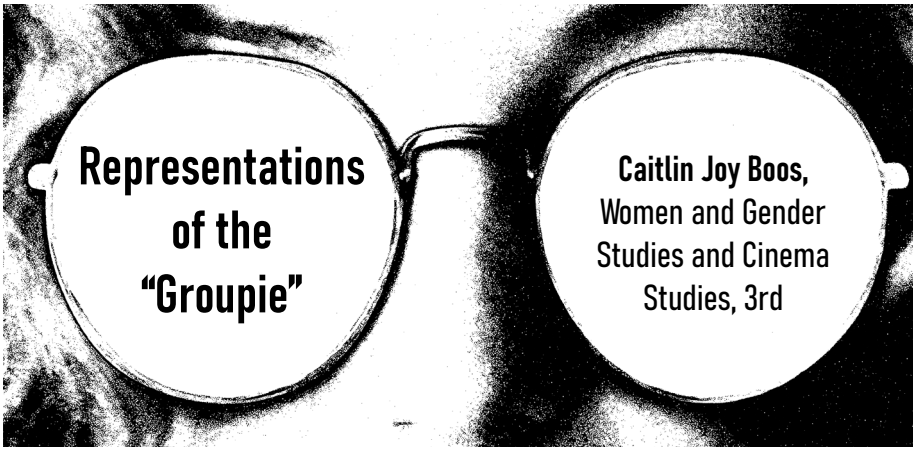


Look, I know Vertigo (1958) was found to be the second greatest film of all time in the Sight and Sound poll of 2022 (the previous decade it was #1). I know Hitchcock is probably the most famed director in the 130 years of cinema, and that auteurship is pretty much built on his work, and, basically, he's a special little man. And yet, talking about him feels like talking about an old friend everyone knew back in the day. It would be annoying if most famed directors cameoed in their own movie nowadays. But whenever I spot Hitch, I genuinely cheer. A lot goes into that reaction, like my affection for his work and his timeless persona (similar to other artists I love), but a big part is how his fourth wall breaks fit in perfectly with what his films are. He belongs as much as the dolly zoom or parallelism; he's a film object like other film objects. Hitchcock films do not pretend to be anything but what they are as films.

There is a certain tendency of modern film to Be Real to the detriment of the movie. I'm thinking about how Bottoms (2023) forces character conflict that has nothing to do with the film premise. It seems to say, surely this is how people in real life would react to these ridiculoussss circumstances, no? Well, no. Because

their world is ridiculous. Why would the characters know any other reality if they live in a ridiculous world. It churns out a mostly boring film (I will say that the caged-hunk foreshadowed bit was fun and should've informed the rest of the movie). In Vertigo, Kim Novak is accessory to a ridiculous crime — when Jimmy Stewart discovers this, he doesn't go, "My, that was so weird! Why would you do that?" The conflict isn't explicitly involved with the ridiculousness, that's just the premise everything is built off of. There is a film universe cohesion. Maybe it isn't fair to compare a teen comedy to a psychological thriller separated by some 60 years... but I wanted to complain a little. And use comparison to point out what makes Hitchcock films so great. He's serious about everything unserious while avoiding melodrama. I'm completely invested no matter what he presents to me.

The last Hitchcock film I watched was Shadow of a Doubt (1943), and it exemplifies this quality. The film could have easily centered the mystery, the killings, the family in general. And it does to an extent, especially the last point. But the primary drama is centered on uncle and niece, Charlie and Charlie. Story and writing wise, it's amazing. Hitch's touch pulls everything together. The scene where younger Charlie runs to the library and the strings build, and she solidifies the truth against her uncle... When she doesn't tell anyone, you may think, "That's ridiculous, why wouldn't she stop the murderer?" if the plot and the presentation didn't entirely revolve around how her soul is tied to her uncle's. The strings didn't build for the mystery's resolution, but for the impending loss. These aren't rational actors; that's the point. The strong humanity strengthens the filmic awareness. It makes sense within the film. These film objects are ridiculous but they fit in. Hitchcock on screen is ridiculous but he fits in.



Representations of the "Groupie"

Caitlin Joy Boos,
Women and Gender Studies and Cinema Studies, 3rd

If I were to state the term "groupie", what would take shape in your mind? Perhaps a young "woman" who obsessively consumes the products of a supernova-sized pop group, and follows like a puppy dog, their every movement whether with their eyes (as was more common) or with their bodies, as was such at the time the term was emergent in the mid-to-late 20th century (Des Barres)?

Historically, as a teenage girl who felt embodied and empowered by the figure of the "groupie", she has been that whom I have on the one hand, held intimate, close to my heart, and on the other, elevated onto a pedestal. This is an oppositional understanding mirrored in the canon of "groupie" texts: I'm with the Band (Pamela Des Barres, 1987), Elvis and Me (Priscilla Presley, 1986) and Dirty Rocker Boys (Bobbie Brown, 2011).

Cameron Crowe's Almost Famous (2000), a filmic reconstruction of the director's time as a teen rock journalist from the early-to-mid 1970s, is a popular cultural text often the key if not singular reference point for a conceptualization of "groupies"; in this historicized and culturally specific context; for those outside of popular music scholarship (Karbownik, 2021: 51-52). The "groupie" collective the "Band-Aides" disidentify from the dominant conceptualization of

the "groupie" figure (in the rock culture context of the film's 1973 setting and the American national context of the early 1970s) on philosophical, ethical and political grounds: "We are not groupies... Groupies sleep with rockstars 'cause they want to be near someone famous. We're here because of the music, we are Band-Aides...We inspire the music."

Further into the "groupies" body of work, "Midnight Ramblers" embodies through kin communicative / representational forms and rhetorical strategies the intricacies of "groupies" real lives. "Lula Costa", one of the youngest "groupies" "documented" (like Almost Famous, Wiisa's work is a recreation of the historically-situated "rock culture" Coates foregrounds as that from which each subsequent, adaptive iteration of "rock culture" can be traced (31)), provides the spoken aural track overlaying the mixed-spatial and cyclically-chronological sequence (Dazed). She orates, "A groupie is someone who loves the music, someone who is there because they can really relate to the music. It's not someone who just sleeps with a guy because he's in a band...I don't know, music is...it's the only way that I have to survive."

To counter the polemic that teenage girls in the mid-20th century were vulnerable, simple pawns to the economies and marketplaces of shifting or emergent industries (romantic, fashion, lifestyle, etc.) targeting that demographic's investment and purchasing, Schrum demonstrates how in fact, the American teen girl collective influenced such industries' production, interests and objectives (18-21). Through a montage of active, dynamic, even frenetic shots, "Midnight Ramblers" evidences its "groupies" – like Almost Famous's "Band-Aides" – shaping, both through their own lifestyles, movements, appearances and ideas, and through their advice on the issues of music, images, costuming, performance and touring, the artists possessing their admiration (Dazed).

Fluid transitions and visual contrasts between firstly, filled

versus airy shots externalize one organizing theme – that of individuality, to foreground the dimensional personhood of each "groupie", versus collectivity, to illustrate the intimate kinship bonds between "groupies" and the centrality of female interdependence to the historicized lifestyle of "groupies" (Des Barres). Secondly, between warm and soft versus cool and sharp shots to express that second organizing theme – the duality of the concurrency of one, agentic performances of hegemonic womanhood and femininity and two, liberatory transgressions of contemporary boundaries of non-pathological bodily choices.

Like these filmic representations, living as a "groupie" offered me a cultural discourse and space that pulled me into a community of similarly identifying outcasts and revolutionaries, and inspired in me the impulse to produce reflective and dialogic literary and poetic texts. I first discovered Wiissa's "Midnight Ramblers" in the summer preceding my sixteenth birthday; a puncture in the cyclical temporality of my "queer[ed]" (Holdsworth, 2021: 11) adolescence and early adulthood, that was one of many precipices between my insecure, nebulous, under-construction self-identity and the future – an equally unfixed and unpredictable concept that I had not in years, understood my being alive to be compatible with. Norma Coates' historicized conclusions on the patriarchal sustenance of "rock masculinity"; (31) a performative as opposed to a biological gendered term, as Larsen later identifies when studying female creative producers that do, versus do not, adopt such an affect in order to acquire cultural respectability; are not oppositional to my embodied knowledges: however, that does not essentialize the direction of rock's future.

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CECIL B. DEMENTED

Review

Cecil B. is cinema's Fidel Castro waging FOCO on all you normies with bad taste. When the revolution comes, he and his loyal band of crust punks promise to burn all Cassavetes movies and lynch the culture industry; they'll replace every cineplex with a repertoire theatre that exclusively screens 6 hour Lav Diaz montages; every week, the agitprop

DEATH TO THOSE WHO SUPPORT MAINSTREAM CINEMA!
DEATH TO THOSE WHO WATCH HOLLYWOOD MOVIES!

will blare out of helicopters circling in the sky! Viva la revolution, is my response.

This is such a naughty film and I've derived much devious pleasure in watching Cecil and his lackeys beat up hallmark audiences. But as far as John Waters movies go, Cecil B. is ironically the least revolutionary. Whereas Pink Flamingo and Polyester are truly despicable treasures — uncouth in every sense of the word — this film cowardly surrenders up the abject. Where are the steaming piles of dog shit to be literally nibbled on like a hor d'oeuvre? Where are the gaping assholes the size of the moon? Where are my fat queens with repressed kinks masked by moorish mannerisms? I demand to be fed! It feels like Waters has traded in his paeans to disgust for fist-pumping lines and somewhat edgy images, which may, at most, elicit a soft suburbanite gasp. This movie is civil — and that is perhaps the meanest insult one could give him

VICKY HUANG

@radiofreevicky - letterboxd/twitter
cinema & politics, 3rd year

an evening after a show by Eva // Yves Chang 26 Jan 2024

Scott Pilgrim vs. the World (2010)

No Archive Warnings Apply, Gideon Graves/Scott Pilgrim, Gideon Graves, Scott Pilgrim, Alternate Universe, Enemies to Lovers, Yearning

Language: English Words: 695 Chapters: 1/1

The practice room was empty and poorly insulated, with the bar it was nestled behind nearly empty. Scott laid his bass down into its case, the last to leave. Gideon would come to his shows. As some form of existing in a tragic aftermath? Scott didn't know. They'd driven their swords into each other and then life moved on in dreary Toronto. Scott hadn't considered that all the venues he frequented would continue to hold any memories of those evil ex misadventures.

"Lovely set tonight," Gideon said, softly brushing his fingers across the practice room's shelf of music-related memorabilia. Scott had stopped asking what Gideon was doing here because that seemed a little too cliched for the familiarity they now had. "You had dropped this." Gideon walked towards Scott and offered a yellow guitar pick.

"Thanks," Scott mumbled, taking it and shoving it back into his jean pocket. Their fingers had brushed.

With that preliminary touch closing the space between them, Gideon thus opted to put his hands on Scott's shoulders, lightly massaging the fabric of his t-shirt. "You don't resent me?" Gideon inquired, cocking his head. His eyes gleamed, maybe glimmered.

"No," Scott replied.

"Not at all?" *Given what I've put you through*—the sentence finished itself.

"Well, I'm trying to maintain that power of self-respect and everything..."

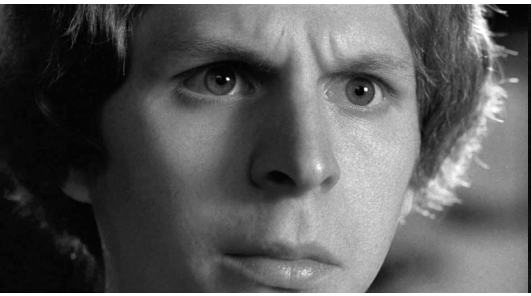
Gideon scoffed, though it was more playful than demeaning. "Alright then."

Losing the record deal stung. Ramona running off, like she said she eventually would, stung.

Gideon felt it too. That glowing sting. Two losers who knew what it was to fail. Scott glanced at the wound on Gideon's cheek, scarred over. It felt like something shared, like both of their heads hitting the ground and tasting rock salt on the wet, slushed pavement. Scott had unblemished skin. He shivered. It was not snowing, but it was cold enough to make what had already fallen stick to the ground.

"You don't resent me?" Gideon repeated and stepped closer. He moved his hands to Scott's arms, covered in goosebumps, running them down from biceps to wrists. The gesture made him colder and warmer--Scott cast his gaze down and away in some attempt at resistance that he couldn't keep, but liked to go through with nonetheless. The sensation was a comforting pressure. Scott rested his head, slowly, into the crook of Gideon's neck, letting his weight fall.

"--I can't."



He wished his arms were covered like Gideon's were. His suit jacket was satiny and artificial and ill-fitting, too loose for Scott to feel out the skin underneath. Scott's lips pressed under Gideon's ear, hoping it might compel him. He smelled like some mix of patchouli, damp clay, and pheromones. Gideon sighed.

"Do you get off on people hating you often? Is that why you ask?"

"No, *others* get off on hating me." Gideon's proceeding laugh echoed against Scott's cheek. "And I oblige to please."

A glow, neon and warm. Gideon let his hands continue exploring: to hips, up to his neck, to his head; Scott had mussed up hair, maybe a little dry from the weather and sweaty from the show. Scott's fingers tingled. Callouses on their tips having practiced and pressed against steel strings too long. The neon glow returned. His skin glowed. Gideon's glasses glowed, eyes

bright and wanting behind them. Like the screen of an old console, bit by bit separated.

"You can't stop looking at me."

"You're the one that likes to be on stage."

Scott pushed Gideon back onto the couch, his knee catching between Gideon's thighs. He knew how to push buttons. Maybe Scott did too. It seemed right to spread himself out and feel through the chill. He rested his palms on the cushions, propping himself up to get a look at Gideon. Gideon haphazardly took off his glasses. And so, Scott gave him an exploratory peck on the cheek, though with an urge to bite. Then the lips. He held them at a distance, for a moment, so he could watch Gideon let out a stilted breath.

"Show me more, Pilgrim." The glow. Still cold but getting warmer. Eventually, Gideon's thumbs hooked against Scott's belt and tugged at it. Scott obliged.

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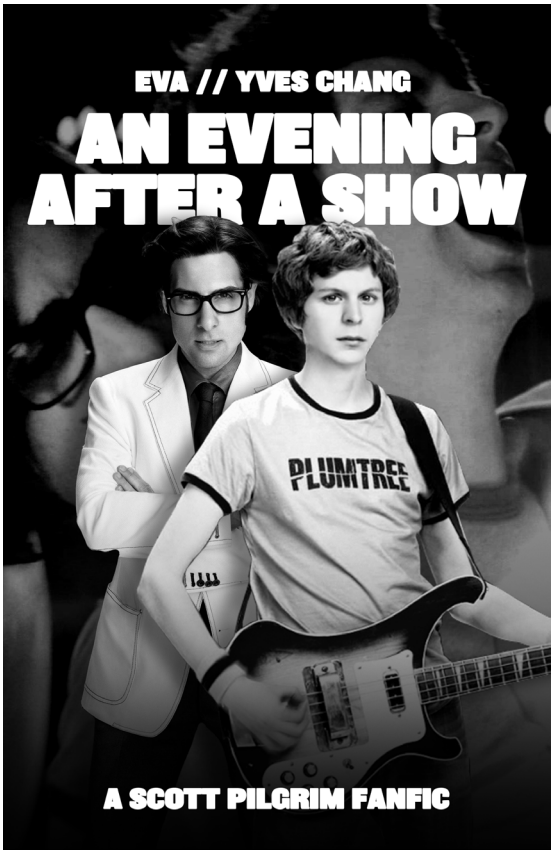
AN: just for cinssu (<3) i've bared my soul and written cursed scott pilgrim vs. the world (scott x gideon) fanfiction

lb: @mangos_666

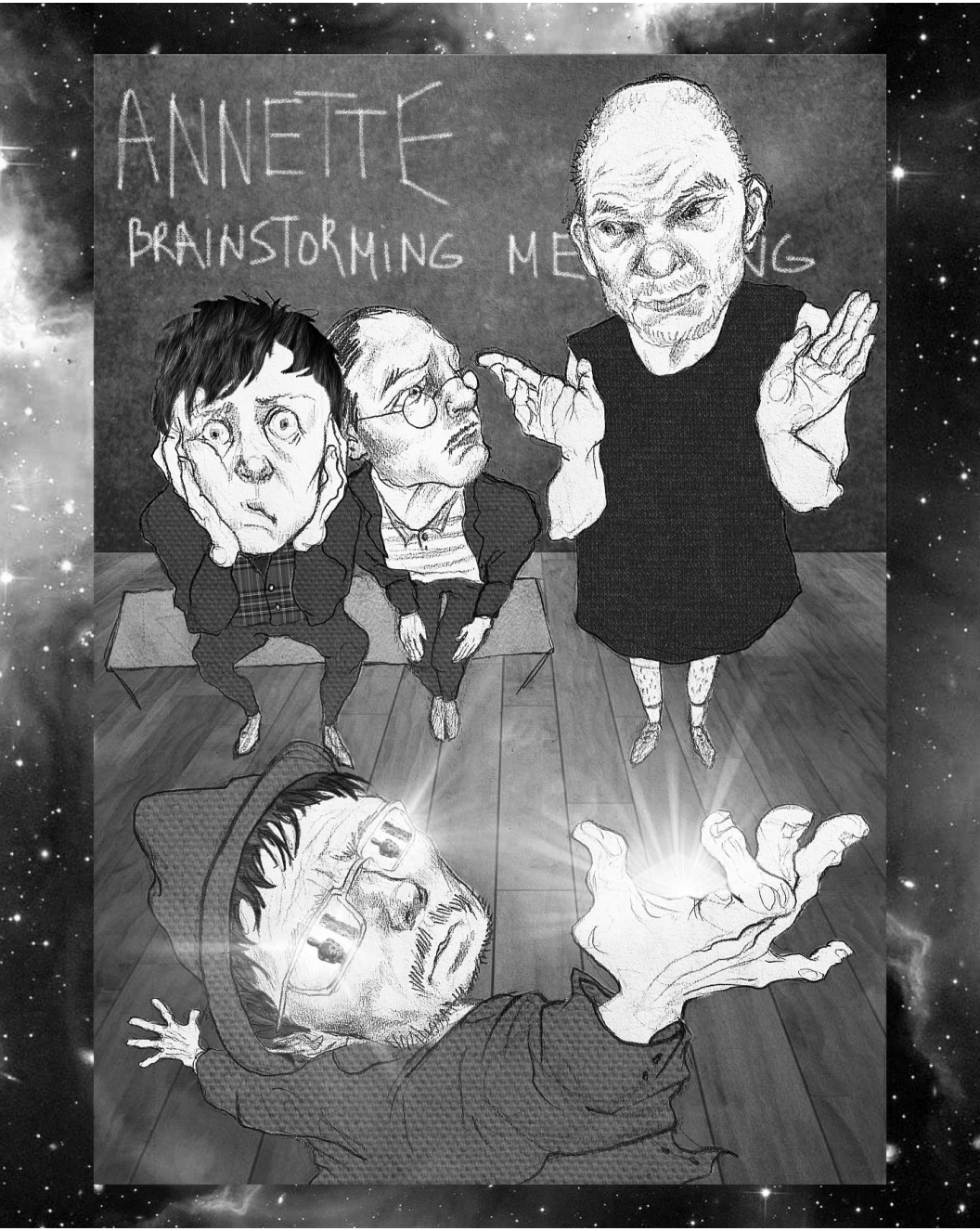


Editor's note: My Wattpadian cover of Yves's fic

Kate Wagner, *Earth and Environmental Systems, 4th*

Opposite: My imagining of an Annette brainstorming meeting between its creators Sparks and the director Leos Carax. A fictionalized account of how Leos Carax was coming to terms with not casting Denis Lavant in a movie for once. Here is a transitory stage - an attempt to give Lavant the titular role. Confusing to all involved. 'I have Denis Lavant in my films and by god he'll be in this one!'

Mariia Charuta / ig: @mariyacharuta, *Cinema Studies & Econ*


ANNETTE
BRAINSTORMING

CINSSU